

Foaming Sugar,  
Encyclopedia of World Records,  
Planet of the Apes Mask,

Weeb, with his Hercules Wrist Band,  
Hypnotizing Record,  
1001 Great Put-Downs,  
Playboy Decals,  
Secret Pocket "Pen Radio,"  
X-Ray Vision Glasses,  
Live Sea-Monkeys,  
Rubber Dollars,  
Karate and Judo Medals (with Ribbon),  
Vibrating Shocker,  
U-Control-It Life-Sized Scary Ghost.

## HIS DAY

"This just isn't my day," he used to say, several times per hour, every day.

He said it when the drunk rear-ended him en route to pay his overdue auto insurance.

He said it when he wrapped his neck-brace on too tight, passed out and suffered a concussion.

He said it when he finally won the big Pick Six Exacta, and excitement made him have to crap before cashing his ticket, which, just as he flushed the toilet, fell in.

He said it three days later, too, trying to convince his wife he really had caught herpes from that racetrack toilet seat.

Today was different, though.

He couldn't explain it, and felt no need to try.

Explaining was for days that weren't his day.

All he knew was, he'd awakened by the woman of his dreams; and he was a better lover than he'd ever been in dreams.

A better singer too, he realized, flinging scarves to a stadium full of screaming adorers.

There seemed to be as many of him as he needed, he observed, piloting his space-shuttle to a perfect landing, crossing the plate after his World Series winning Grand Slam homer.

He parried an eye-patched pirate's cutlass-thrust, lopped off the black-bearded head and leapt over his burning frigate's side.



The sea was shimmering as he swam ashore.  
He'd always wondered what ancient Egypt was like.

"What is your pleasure, Pharaoh," he heard a soft voice  
say — his queen, her lithe form outlined by papyrus  
sheer as cellophane.

"What is thy will, O God-Made-Man," a host of brawny  
soldiers boomed.

And, of course, he was the brawniest of all.

But to the west, he saw the sun sinking behind the  
pyramids.

His day was ending. So he decided "I'll make my own  
world, with unlimited time. And so I'm certain to  
experience everything, I'll make everyone a little  
chunk of me."

And he sat down in the midst of the old world (which  
we now call the "constellations") and, on the first  
day, began to write.

#### THE PLANET OF DELIGHTFUL WOMEN AND DISGUSTING MEN

is even better than the Planet of the Amazons.  
where fierce blondes leap on castaways, hungry as ants,  
or the Planet of Lost Women,  
where starlets stand around in g-strings,  
hoping to be found by something with testosterone.  
The women here are beautiful,  
but nicer than Amazons,  
better company than Lost Women,  
who only talk about shopping, tv, and what their man is  
doing wrong.  
Women here don't pout if a guy's not in the mood,  
or doesn't want to spend Sunday with the in-laws.

As for the men,  
they're fat, and smoke cigars  
and think five dollars is outrageous for a date,  
and lie around in dirty underwear,  
chomping nachos and describing farts.  
They have bad jobs if they work at all,  
gripe about dinner, sneer at art,  
and never lift the toilet seat or wipe the yellow stains.

Women go wild for a man with just one chin,  
a guy who works, and likes to kiss,  
who doesn't smoke or drink too much,  
who doesn't bully or bluster  
or think Isaac Newton is a cookie  
or Descartes what shouldn't come before Deshorse,